Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not ſpent,
Rather laide out for purchaſe: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th ſtroke doe damage?
Arci. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our ſelves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

Pir. No further.
Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wiſhes
To our great Lord, of whoſe ſucces I dare not
Make any timerous queſtion, yet I wiſh him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; ſpeede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouernours.
Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Muſt yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Thoſe beſt affections, that the heavens infuſe
In their beſt temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.
Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whoſe ſpeede
The great Bellona ile ſolicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes underſtood: Ile offer to her
What I ſhall be adviſed ſhe likes; our hearts
Are in his Army in his Tent.
Hip. In's boſome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to ſea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have ſod their Infants in
The brine, they wept at killi
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch Spi
Should hold you here for e ve
Pir. Peace be to you
As I purſue this war, which ſ
Beyond further requiring.
Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; ſince hi
Though craving ſeriouſnes, a
His careles execution, where
Made him regard, or loſſe co
Playing ore buſines in his ha
Directing in his head, his mi
To theſe ſo diffring Twyns; h
Since our great Lord departe
Hip. With much labour
And I did love him fort, the
In many as dangerous, as po
Perill and want contending
Torrents whoſe roring tyra
I'th leaſt of theſe was dreadf
Fought out together, where
Yet fate hath brought them
Tide, weau'd, intangled, wi
And with a finger of ſo dee
May be outworne, never un
Theſeus cannot be umpire t
Cleaving his conſcience into
Each ſide like Iuſtice, whic
Emil. Doubtleſſe
There is a beſt, and reaſon h
To ſay it is not you: I was a
Once with a time, when I e
You were at wars, when ſh
Who made too proud the
(which then lookt pale at
Was each a eleven.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (